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THE LADY'S MUSEUM.

THE OLD WOMAN

no. 2.

Forego the search, my curious friends,
And husband time to better ends;
All my ambition is, I own,
To profit, and to please, unknown;
Like streams supplied from springs below,
That scatter blessings as they flow.

THE feelings of that heart is not to be envied which is callous to censure and indifferent about applause. To have a parental fondness for our offspring, and to shew a decent anxiety about the success of every honourable scheme in which we engage, is not only innocent, but meritorious. The writer who commits his pages to the winds, careless whether they are wafted to the port of public approbation, or in the ocean of oblivion, will never deserve or acquire the wreath of immortality.

These reflections, however, are rather intended to justify my own solicitude, than to blame the easy indifference of others. Between the short interval in which I have appeared in the character of the Old Woman, and the present moment, my waking hours have been listening to surmises respecting my person, and to opinions respecting my merits, till they are deaf to any other subject. The Old Woman I have heard ascribed to almost every female writer of celebrity; but without divulging what I intend shall be concealed, I have only to observe, that the shaft has hitherto fallen short of the mark; the Old Woman is still snug in her covert. I have sometimes, however, been obliged to moderate the praises bestowed on my first paper, to prevent the detection I wish to avoid; and sometimes to lessen the dread which the title seemed to inspire, by assuring the company, that the tongue or the pen of an Old Woman, was not quite so dangerous as a rattle snake, nor her looks so killing as the basilisk.

Even my sleeping moments have been tinctured with the reigning impression of my mind; and, amidst the incoherence of dreams, I have felt something like prophetic truth. I have gone through ideal scenes, too wild to describe, and too various to particularize, while the Old Woman was either hunted down, or protected; but I cannot forbear slating the distant vision, which imagination presented to my view, the first time I closed my eyes, after the day of publication.

Methought I was an invisible spectator of a tea-table party of my acquaintance, consisting chiefly of females, who were sitting in close divan on the Old Woman: at first, displaying more eagerness to discover her person than to appreciate her merits. Curiosity, indeed, is one of the most inbred passions of the female

mind; and the fatal experience of our mother Eve has not yet taught her daughters prudence. Squintinda, at once a wit and an antiquated maid sneeringly observed, that an Old Woman was not an enviable distinction: and that she was willing to allow me all the merit of 70, the free use of spectacles and snuff, and the privilege of scolding; but that she did not know if would be adviseable to trust me with pen, ink, and paper, till she could discern what kind of a body I was; and whether I would suffer myself to be led by the nose; adding, she wanted a fool to play upon as the last she kept had slipt the collar, and set off.

Hecatissa, with a malicious toss of the head, and a wink of only eye, thought me too dangerous to be sported with; and that, for her part, she had no intention even to treat me with common civility. "I cannot bear," said she, "a person who pretends to be wiser than others: we all know what we like as well as she does, and will pursue it in spite of her. Nay, I am determined to run her down without mercy, regardless of what she has to say; for I never listen to that reason which contradicts my own prejudice; besides, it is quite sufficient for a man or woman to appear in print, to debar them of the right of quarter."

Spadilla, with a flattery air, declared her opinion, that the Old Woman might make herself very useful at card-tables, if she would simplify and explain Hoyle's Rules; observing, that Hoyle was a cramp fellow, and had no notion of laying down things in the way a woman likes: namely, how she may find what she wants, without the trouble of looking after it. "Hold!" exclaims Miss Cosmetic, "we do not mind trouble, when what we pursue is agreeable to us; but, I think, the Old Woman had better employ her talents in teaching us how to make washes and ointments; to improve a good face, or to mend a bad one; and then she might have the honor of attending our toilets, or, at least, have her papers formed into rollers for our hair."

"Well!" replies Mrs. Housewife, a character once in some estimation; "I, for my part, should be better pleased with receipts in cookery, than in cosmetics; and had rather be taught to make a new pudding to please my husband, than to be teased with learning, that I do not understand, nor wish to study."

"Ah!" says Amanda, "I am inclined to love the Old Woman. She has been, if we may give credit to her invaried tale, a dutiful wife, and an affectionate mother; and, in those situations, during such a long period, she must have acquired much knowledge, which may be useful to us who are young in the stage of life; and I hope, for one, to derive both pleasure and profit from her strictures. Her senses seem neither impaired by 70 years wear, nor her good

humour lost amidst all the vicissitudes she has undergone. The love of her sex, and of mankind, seems to be the sole actuating cause of her labours; and, though it is impossible to please every taste, I trust she will meet with such a reception from the benevolent and refined, as will encourage her to proceed."

Opposition was now inflamed by Amanda's generosity of sentiment, and I had the mortification to hear them, who had been lukewarm before, abuse me in terms too gross to repeat, and too shameful for ladies to utter. The mildest epithets bestowed on me was sufficient to overwhelm with confusion: any bad name that can be given to our sex, was gratuitously heaped upon me; and for no other reason, but because they could not discover my name and residence, and because an amiable young creature took my part against a phalanx of ignorant or prejudiced assailants, who despised me less because I was old, than because I was likely to use the privilege of age, to tell them of their faults.

Two gentlemen, who had hitherto remained neuter, were now obliged to interfere, to preserve decorum in debate. They respectfully solicited the attention of Squintinda, Hecatissa, and the most violent of my detractors; but their arguments in favour of moderation were soon silenced by the taunt, that females alone were competent to decide on the OLD WOMAN, and that when the Old Woman appeared, our sex would give themselves no trouble about her. The poor gentleman unfortunately made appeal to reason, instead of appeal to passion, which last is the lever that moves our sex; and the disputes at last became so warm between my admirers and revilers, that, methought, I was almost tempted to rush forward from my concealment, and avow my name and rank, for the confusion of my antagonists; when Hecatissa, rising in a rage, found her apron entangled by the table, and instead of coolly liberating herself, pushed it, with the whole brittle contents, into the laps of her opposite neighbors. The hubbub this occasioned, and the clatter it made, instantly roused me from sleep; and I reflected with concern, that, even in a dream, the picture of human conduct had been delineated almost to reality of life. I felt how common it is to question the sincerity of motives, when ingenuity itself could not suggest a reason why their purity should be doubted. I saw the obstacles thrown in the way of every candidate for public favour; and how much more prone mankind are to condemn by anticipation, than to prompt to honourable exertion by the voice of encouragement.

Yet the Old Woman, having once passed through the ordeal of a first introduction, and legitimated her claim to an intercourse or politeness, is no longer anxious about what will be

said of her in her personal, but only in her adopted character. She can never be known, but by her writings, to experience either neglect or attention. Placed in a vantage ground, from which she can survey female manners, without being seen herself; it shall be her assiduous care, rather to maintain the dignity of her station by candid and liberal remark, than to shew a vain and ungenerous independence, from a sense of her invulnerability, except in conscious blame.

She acknowledges, with pride and pleasure, the handsomest felicitations on her plan, from some whose slightest praise is fame; and the imputed censure, she has not yet deserved, she leaves to time to remove. With this maxim she concludes, which ought to be written in characters of gold—"That a generous confidence in others may sometimes be misplaced; but a suspicious jealousy seldom fails to justify or provoke the deception it dreads."

ON SICKNESS.

*Our life is nothing but our death begun;
As tapers wane the instant they take fire.*

YOUNG.

It has been observed by many writers, that nothing makes a more ridiculous figure in a man's life, than the disparity we often find in him, sick and well.

Thus one of an unfortunate constitution is perpetually exhibiting a miserable example of the weakness of his mind, or of his body, in their turns. I have had frequent opportunities of late to consider myself in these different views, and hope I have received some advantage by it.

If what Mr. Waller says be true, that

"The soul's dark cottage, batter'd and decay'd,
Lets in new light, thro' chinks that time has
made,"

then surely sickness, contributing no less than old age to the shaking down this scaffolding of the body, may discover the inclosed structure more plainly. Sickness is a sort of early old age; it teaches us a diffidence in our earthly state, and inspires us with the thoughts of a future, better than a thousand volumes of philosophers, and divines. It gives so warning a concussion of those props of our vanity, our strength and youth, that we think of fortifying ourselves within, when there is so little dependence on our outward works.

Youth, at the very best, is but a betrayer of human life, a gentler and smoother manner than age. It is like a stream that nourishes a plant on its bank, and causes it to flourish and blossom to the sight, but at the same time is undermining it at the root in secret.

My youth has dealt more fairly and openly with me; it has afforded me several prospects of my danger, and given me an advantage not very common to young men, that the attractions of the world have not dazzled me very much; and I began where most people end, with a full conviction of the emptiness of all sorts of ambition, and the unsatisfactory nature of all human pleasures.

When a small fit of sickness tells me this frail tenement of my body will fall in a little time, I am even as unconcerned as was that

honest Hibernian, who being in bed in a great storm some years ago, and told the house would tumble over head, made answer, "What care I for the house, I am only a lodger?"

When I reflect what an incon siderable atom every single man is, with respect to the whole creation, methinks it is a shame to be concerned at the removal of so trivial an animal as I am. In the morning after my exit, the sun will shine as bright as ever, the flowers smell as sweet, the plants spring as green, the world will proceed in its old course, people will laugh as heartily, and marry as fast as they were used to do.

The memory of man, as it is elegantly expressed in the Wisdom of Solomon, "passeth away as the remembrance of a gust that tarrieth but one day." There are reasons enough, in the fourth chapter of the same book, to make any young man contented with the prospect of death. For "honorable age is not that which standeth in length of time, or is measured by number of years; but wisdom is the grey hair to man, and unspotted life is old age. He was taken away speedily, lest wickedness should alter his understanding, or deceit beguile his soul."

[*Spectator.*]

CHARLOTTE CORDAY.

MARY CHARLOTTE CORDAY, was born at Saint Saturnin, in the department of Oma. Leading at home a retired life, she spent much time in reading antient history, whence she imbibed a zeal for liberty. Some family affairs had drawn her to Caen at the time when the young men of that town were enrolling under Wimpfen, in order to release the majority of the convention from the overruling Jacobins. The idea struck her that a single victim might save many:—"I considered (said the heroine, in a letter which she wrote from her prison) that so many brave youths were going to Paris for the head of a single man who did not merit such honour; and that the arm of a woman might be sufficient."

Charlotte Corday had a letter of introduction from Barbaroux to the deputy Duperret: but this had no connexion with the real motive of her journey, which she had wholly concealed. She obtained admision to Marat under pretence of busines: talked with him about the insurrections in the department of Calvados; and, on hearing him say that all the insurgents should be sent to the scaffold, she drew a knife and buried it in his bosom: 13 July 1793.

She was immediately arrested, and confined in the Abbaye. On her interrogation, she attempted no defence nor denial, but spoke of her action as of a duty which she was proud to have discharged, and as of a service done to her country. During trial, she behaved with firmness and decorum, and gave her answers with calmness and elegance. She had a fine person. Perceiving that some one was attempting to take her portrait, she changed her situation to accommodate him, and requested that a copy of the drawing might be sent to her family. After condemnation, she took out of her bosom three letters, which she requested might be faithfully delivered. Two were addressed to Barbaroux, and one to her father.

On her way to the scaffold, she smiled, ineffable dignity on those street hags who pursued her with insults. Not aware of all the formalities of punishment, she expressed vehement indignation when the executioner stooped down to bind her legs, mistaking his action for some indecent outrage: but, on discovering his real intention, she smiled at her alarm and assumed a suitable attitude. At the moment of placing her head on the block, the executioner plucked off the handkerchief from her neck and shoulders: a sudden blush was then observed to overspread her skin; and this last impression of wounded modesty was visible when her dismembered head was exhibited to the multitude.

COLVILLE.

A WEST INDIAN TALE.

"Tis that very thing, Trim, quoth my Uncle Toby, which recommends her to protection, and her brethren with her: 'tis the fortune of war which has put the whip into our hands now—where it may be hereafter, Heaven knows! but be where it will, the brave, Trim, will not use it unkindly."

STEVENS.

UNDER the influence of the Torrid Zone, in an island enriched with the most abundant efforts of nature, Mr. Colville had for some years resided. The family of the Colvilles had, for upwards of a century, enjoyed a very considerable estate in Barbadoes. Blest in the possession of a lovely woman, and two charming children, the pledges of her affection, Mr. Colville, engaged in the joint concern of a husband and a planter, knew not a pang. Colville-Hall was situated on the brow of a small eminence: the fields around in a state of the highest vegetation, with the works and mills intermixed, agreeably blended pleasure with interest. Mr. Colville, from his humanity and attachment, had rendered himself adored by his negroes: they looked up to him as their master and as their benefactor. The horrid lash had rarely been lifted within the borders of Colville hall. Mr. Colville had not been blinded by the mist of prejudice, or led away by the delusive idea of superiority: when he recollects they were slaves, he did not forget that they were men. Often would he, in the generous effusions of his heart, exclaim, "Unhappy children of servitude! doomed as ye are to drink deep of the bitter cup of adversity, yet shall (as far as in my power lies) the ingredients of lenity and compassion sweeten the draught." Was there a negro seized with illness, Mrs. Colville's kind hand administered relief: was one of them a mother, the infant was nurtured with all the attention of parental solicitude. Their acts of charity were the theme of the neighborhood.

William and Louisa, their only children, were, under their parents' care, daily ripening into perfection. William had attained his thirteenth year, and his parents now began deeply to consider concerning the completion of his instruction. Mr. Colville had received his education at Eton, and had there imbibed those principles of humanity and honor, which shone forth in every action of his life. This seminary his former attachment pointed out as a proper place for the completion of his son's education. William was already master of all the lesser branches of pure knowledge; but a larger scope

than Barbadoes could afford, was necessary for the acquisition of more important sciences. His departure for England was finally determined upon, and a parent's grief for the temporary loss of a child was amply compensated by the anticipation of his returning with a more perfect knowledge of letters and of the world. The attachment of the slaves to the family was strikingly exemplified on the eve of William's departure:—not an eye but glistened, not a tongue but poured forth ejaculations for his welfare. The finer fibres of sensibility must be exquisitely affected by such a scene; a father, his wife and daughter by his side, in the act of taking leave of a darling son—the whole group in tears—the son begging his parents' blessing—the little infants of the different slaves clinging around him with all the ardor of disinterested affection. Kindred souls! though nature has cast ye in her roughest mould, yet do ye often appear much more respectable in the drama than characters of a whiter hue: while I have pitied the hardness of your lot, I have frequently envied the refinement of your feelings. May your race see better days, and may the memory of that man, who exerts himself in so laudable a cause, be for ever engraven on the table of every honest heart as the benefactor of mankind! You, Colville, rendered their shackles as light as the innate goodness of your heart could devise: but worthy man, slavery is, do what you please, a bitter pill; “it is thou, Liberty, thrice sweet and gracious goddess, whom all in public or in private worship, whose taste is grateful, and ever will be so till nature herself shall change; no tent of words can spot thy snowy mantle, or chemic power turn thy sceptre into iron!”

The charge of William's conduct during the different vacations at Eton was assigned to a distant relation of Mr. Colville, who resided in England, and who had frequently expressed an earnest desire of shewing attention to any branch of the family.

The season now approached when property in a West-India island requires a considerable degree of care and circumspection. Mr. Colville had, from his long residence in the island, acquired a perfect knowledge of the systems of the different species of cultivation, and had consequently been generally blessed (as far as the weather permitted) with abundant crops. This year seemed to insure a plentiful harvest. Frequently would he, with a domestic eye, nicely calculate his expectations; frequently anticipate the advantages he should reap: nor did this proceed from avarice; no—it was not the calculation of a miser, but the fond expectation of a parent—the generous idea of rearing his family in ease and affluence gave rise to these reflections. But wayward fate was hovering over his head, and the storm that threatened the prosperity of his family was about to burst forth. Short-sighted mortals! lulled by an ideal opiate, we grasp at happiness, and find it but a shadow. Hapless Colville! the sword is suspended over you with a silken thread, as you must now, in return, drink deep from the cup of adversity!

The lovely Louisa had just attained her fourteenth year. To an elegant form was added a most bewitching countenance: nor were the graces of her person in any degree superior to

the accomplishments of her mind. Her mother had inspected her education with the most scrutinizing perseverance, and had instructed her in every branch that was requisite to render her an accomplished woman. She danced gracefully, and played admirably. Nor had Mrs. Colville omitted the instruction of more domestic concerns: she initiated her in the economy of a kitchen and the arrangement of a pantry, wisely thinking that the knowledge of these affairs was the chief ground-work of domestic felicity. Colville-Hall had been invariably a seat of hospitality: Mr. and Mrs. Colville both delighted in the pleasures of society. Louisa partook of all the gaieties and amusements the island of Barbadoes could afford: and when public entertainments were at a stand, private balls and concerts were frequently going forward at Colville-Hall. These little recreations Mr. Colville, from the extent of his property in the island, could well afford. The most favourable accounts of William's proceedings at Eton, together with his improvements, served greatly to augment the felicity of the family. His letters to his mother and sister were penned in a perfect style of epistolary elegance; those to his father were written with a careful display of classical acquisitions. These efforts in the son were highly flattering to the father. Mr. Colville had, in his younger years, sacrificed deeply to the Muses; and had in many of his productions exhibited proofs of an elegant and classical genius; he was a man of erudition, without pedantry; and a man of letters, without ostentation:—his selection of books stamped him a scholar, his application of them a gentleman.—His excellent advice to a neighbour, who had just taken possession of an estate in Barbadoes, concerning the treatment of slaves, does honour to his philanthropy: “Treat them,” said he, “with candour, probity, and tenderness, and they will return them tenfold in all their intercourse with you; as on the other hand, they seldom fail to return the contrary treatment with severe usury—nor are they to be blamed. In all their dealings with the Europeans, they find themselves imposed upon in the grossest manner; in a manner not fit to be practised even with brutes. Their sensibility is quick, and their passions ungoverned, and perhaps ungovernable. How then can it be wondered at, that they make returns in kind, whenever they find any opportunity, and become the most dangerous enemies? Whereas, if these passions were attached by good treatment, they would be the most affectionate, steady, and careful friends.—I speak from experience: I treat them as rational creatures, and they behave as such to me. I never deceive them, and they never deceive me; I do them all the offices in my power, and they return them manifold. In short, I practise to them the behaviour which I wish to meet from them, and am never disappointed. All the evils which have been suffered from them have proceeded from the unhappy error of thinking ourselves possessed of a superiority over them, which nature, that is, heaven, has not given us: they are our fellow creatures, and, in general, above our level in the virtues which give real pre-eminence, however despicably we may think of, and injuriously we treat them.”

Every thing seemed to conspire to render this family completely happy—but unannoyed felicity is not for us!—

“ Good unexpected, evils unforeseen,
Appear by turns, as Fortune shifts the scene—
Some, as 'd alack, come tumbling down a sun,
Then fall so hard, they bound and rise again.”

“ Twas in the month of September—Nature seemed to have done her best—the hills arrayed in the richest verdure, the fields in the highest state of vegetation, rendered the appearance of the country a terrestrial paradise. One evening the Colvilles, busied in the pleasures of domestic life, were alarmed by a sudden and tremendous noise: the wind rose with the most excessive violence, the rain descended in torrents from the skies. Colville heard and shuddered. Experience had taught him knowledge,—had taught him that this was the fatal prelude of a hurricane. The moon had now withdrawn her beams from the face of the earth, and the stars seemed to shrink at the general convulsion:—peals of thunder rolled tremendous through the skies—flashes of lightning darting their vivid forks, served, at different intervals, to exhibit some hapless wretch in the agonies of death! The screams of mothers for their children, of wives for their husbands, and the groans of expiring slaves, tended to augment the dreadful horror of the scene! Colville-Hall had as yet stood against the combination of the elements: the sugar house, mills, and different works adjacent, had been swept away by the violence of the storm. Mr. and Mrs. Colville, with their dear Louisa, had retired to an apartment, which, from the particular method of its building, they vainly flattered themselves might escape the general desolation. Unhappy family! Some few hours ago, ye were basking in the sunshine of prosperity,—ye are now deeply overwhelmed in the storm of adversity! Colville experienced the different feeling of a husband, a parent, and a planter:—he saw his family tottering on the verge of destruction;—his mills, his works, not a trace of them remained. The horror of the scene rendered him motionless; the sobs of his wife and daughter roused him not—but hark!—“ Good heavens! my husband! my daughter!”—Alas! one convulsive shock had laid Colville-Hall in ruins. Colville in the agony of despair, seized his wife and daughter. Unfortunate husband! your beloved wife is no more!—the chilly hand of death has put an end to her sufferings and her life!—a fixture from the ceiling had struck her.—“ Gracious God!” exclaimed Colville, “ thy will be done. I arraign not thy decrees—whatever is, is best.”—A darling wife lay dead on one side—his daughter sat on the other, covered with dust, among a heap of ruins,

[To be continued.]

SELECT SENTENCES.

Every man should mind his own business; for he, who torments himself with other people's good or ill fortune, will never be at rest.

Perfect happiness is not the growth of a terrestrial soil; it buds in the gardens of the virtuous on earth, but blooms with unfading fragrance only in the celestial regions.

The Dessert.

MONDAY, JULY 15.

THE MORALIST.

The world is like a vast sea, and mankind like a vessel sailing on its tempestuous bosom, our prudence is its sails, the sciences serve us as oars, good or bad fortune are the favourable or contrary winds, and judgment is the rudder: without this last, the vessel is tossed by every billow and will find shipwreck in every breeze. In a word, obscurity and indigence are the parents of vigilance and economy; vigilance and economy of riches and honour; pride and luxury of impurity and idleness; and impurity again produces indigence and obscurity. Such are the revolutions of life.

But tread with cautious steps the dang'rous ground,
Beset with faithless precipices round,
Truth be your guide, disdain ambition's call!
And if you fall with truth, you greatly fall.
'Tis virtue's native lustre that must shine,
The Poet can but set it in his line;
And who unmov'd with pity can behold,
A forlorn pebble meanly grac'd with gold.

OF all characters, none are more desirable for the improvement of social enjoyments, than those whose knowledge of active life is connected with an observing inquisitive disposition, cultivated by study and reading.

When such men open their lips, it is a great misfortune they should suffer interruption from the numerous upstarts and pretenders to abilities that infest society. By paying due attention to a few such persons, more of the world is learned, and we are better enabled to judge of mankind, than by the limited experience that falls to the share of others.

In our judgments of men, we are too prone to construe every thing according to our own feelings, and to imagine that others are liable to be affected with the same causes, and in a similar manner with ourselves. Hence it is, that we are so often dissatisfied with others, and they with us.

The great stumbling block to rectitude of judgment is jealousy; from which hardly any human being is exempt. It is perpetually discovering imperfections and diminishing good qualities. As the selfishness of mankind is such,

that they are afraid of meeting with aught more excellent than is in their possession, they industriously endeavour to represent things in a light that will not prove unfavourable to their vanity. Where facts are too glaring to be denied, they are careful to qualify them in such a manner, that although truth is not absolutely suppressed yet it is darkened, and not suffered to appear in its full lustre.

Without a friend, the world is but a wilderness. A man may have a thousand intimate acquaintances, and not a friend amongst them all. If you have one friend think yourself happy.

Beauty as the flowery blossom, soon fades; but the divine excellencies of the mind, like the medicinal virtues of the plant, remain in it when all those charms are withered.

EXTRACTS FROM “THE POET'S FATE,” *An ingenious Poem, by* **G. DYER.**

**** With numerous wrongs oppres'd,
With many a dart sore rankling in his breast,
Ponder'd great Homer his immortal page,
And fung, enrag'd himself, Pelides rage:
Now a meek vagrant, friendless and alone,
He trac'd Ulysses' wanderings by his own:
Bowing beneath some untold weight of grief,
He stole from sacred song a short relief.
As murmuring brooks invite to sweet repose
The traveller wearied, and oppres'd with woes:
Thus song would calm his passions, sooth his care,
Clear the dark brow of age, and check despair.
So when Columbus left his native shore,
To rove new seas, and tracks untried before,
What base resistance thwarts his great designs!
How Folly sickens! and how Envy pines!
That, cold herself, would check each rising flame;
This fears success, and blasts a rival's name
Now mark Columbus! He, with mind elate,
Surveys th' horizon round, and braves his fate:
Genius, by science led, disdains to fear,
Still fees, still conquers, every danger near;
More vigorous moves, where terrors molt ope,
And still collects new courage, as it goes.
What though new dangers crowd upon the past?
E'en though in chains, it triumphs to the last:
And thus, what ancient sages only thought,
Columbus prov'd, and by experience taught.

THE tuneful Dryden, born in happier days,
Earn'd but fair Ormond's smile, and Dorset's
praise.
Mark him, who fram'd his creed to suit the day,
Nor suffer'd politics to cloud his way,
Now vend distrest his bare unpolish'd line.

Now courtly bend at adulation's shrine;
In ode, play, satire, try his varying skill,
Still poor in purse, though rich in genius still:
Now jeerd by lords, now jostled from the pit,
Prais'd, curs'd, and beaten for an another's wit:
While bloody critics hoot him to the grave,
As traitor, atheist, libertine, and knave,
At length due honours grace the poet's dust!
See Sheffield, noble Sheffield, raise a bust!
And Johnston throw a glory-round a name,
Already shining in the rolls of fame!

IN ancient times, long ere poor Butler sigh'd,
Or dinnerless the polish'd Lovelace died;
For loyal bards—to runs the poet's fate—
Though sworn to praise, may live to curse the
great;

Unshar'd the lordly prelate's savoury dish,
Unblest with mother church's loaf and fish:
No matter when, in ancient times, I say,
There liv'd a strolling bard, who sung for pay;
He weav'd not odes for birth days, quaff'd no
tack,

Content with one poor covering for his back:
And now and then, when masters all were kind,
Both back and belly could some comfort find;
Then like two lovers merrily they sped:
This never grumbled, being duly fed;
That, not hard work'd, was seldom heard to
groan:

Thus good old Darby trudg'd with good old
Joan.

Not such the love'twixt belly and the brains?
Did belly thrive? then sluggish were the strains:
Did belly ever pine through lack of meat?
How light and clear'd the brain! the verse how
sweet!

No plainer axiom 'tis the meanest dunce,
“That brains and belly could not thrive at
once.”

Revolv'd even wise men, as revolv'd the dull,
To pinch the stomach, was to fave the skull.

AN EXTRACT

FROM THOMSON'S SEASONS.

SOON as the morning trembles o'er the sky,
And, unperceiv'd, unfolds the spreading day;
Before the ripened field the reapers stand,
In fair array; each by the lafs he loves,
To bear the rougher part, and mitigate
By nameless gentle offices her toil.
At once they sloop and swell the lusty sheaves;
While thro' their cheerful band the rural talk,
The rural scandal and the rural jest
Fly harmless, to deceive the tedious time,
And steel unfehl the sultry hours away.
Behind the mast'r walks, builds up the shocks;
And, conscious, glancing oft on every side
His fated eye, feels his heart heave with joy.
The gleaners spread around, and here and there,
Spike after spike, their sparing harvest pick.
Be not too narrow, husbandmen! but fling
From the full sheaf, with charitable stealth,
The liberal handful. Think, oh grateful think!
How good the GOD OF HARVEST is to you;
Who pours abundance o'er your flowing fields;
While these unhappy partners of your kind
Wide-hover round you, like the fowls of heaven,
And ask their humble dole. The various turns
Of fortune ponder; that your sons may want
What now, with hard reluctance, faint, y^eive